A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Antient and Famous

CITY

OF

BRISTOL.

A

POEM.

By W. GOLDWIN, *A. M.*

Reviſed, with large Additions, by *I. SMART*, A. M.

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THIS

DESCRIPTION of *BRISTOL*,

Is, with all due Reſpect,

Moſt humbly DEDICATED to

The Right Worſhipful the MAYOR, the ALDERMEN, the COMMON COUNCIL, and other Inhabitants of the ſaid CITY,

By

Their moſt obedient and

faithful humble Servant,

Iſaac Smart.

A DESCRIPTION OF *BRISTOL.*

THOUGH Muſes court the ſhady
Groves and Greens,
And fineſt Fancies riſe in *Sylvan*
Scenes,
Where purling Streams in gentle
Smoothneſs go,
And teach Poetick Numbers how to flow;
Yet, great Directreſs of the *tuneful Nine*,
Suſpend your Joys, your rural Seats reſign;
A nobler Theme in grander Thoughts purſue,
This antient City is a glorious View,
Antient in Privilege, in Politeneſs new;

Where

Where Nature's Hand and Arts Improvement join,
To make the Place in uſeful Greatneſs ſhine;
Whoſe Oozy Banks with two great Streams inlaid,
And Naval Strength alternately convey'd,
Command the Staple of the *Weſtern* Trade.
Ingenious Arts, and genteel Manners meet,
Great *London* ſeems to riſe in ev'ry Street:
Gay Modes of Life, and courtly Faſhions ſpread,
And even Learning ſhoots a blooming Head.
The three Profeſſions of the poliſh'd Strain,
Diſpenſing Goſpel, Health, and Juſtice, reign
In high Applauſe, and worthy Honours gain.
Whilſt the kind Nurſ'rys of inſtructive Schools,
Sway'd by *Directors* and eſtabliſh'd Rules,
Still new Supplies of future Greatneſs frame,
The City's ſecond Hopes, and growing Fame.
Methinks I ſee, in Nature's early Plan,
A hopeful Youth beſpeak a worthy Man;
When Virtue's Pencil, riper Senſe, and Arts,
Adorn the Picture, and compleat the Parts.
So Optick Glaſſes in a Seed deſcry
A perfect Plant in ſmall Proportion lye;

Till

'Till Mother Earth, and rip'ning Sun agree,
To form the infant Product to a Tree.

What Scenes of Wealth! What Heaps of Wonder riſe!
What new and antient Fabricks crowd the Skies!
Here Monuments of *Living Founders* praiſe,
There ſacred Piles a ſerious Pleaſure raiſe;
While num'rous private Buildings ſeem to vye
With publick Domes, the rival Objects try
Like wanton Girls to meet the coming Eye.
Each lofty Manſion is an ample Theme,
Stor'd with Ideas for a Poet's Scheme;
And tho' divided Views the Fancy break,
And incoherent Starts in Method make;
The whole Collection ſhall my Numbers grace,
And grateful Lines a fair Deſcription trace.

Then firſt aſcend a gently-riſing *Hill (a)*
Whoſe rocky Cliffs in trickling Streams diſtil;
Here wealthy Citts, diſcharg'd from worldly Cares,
Do taſte the Sweets of Penitence and Pray'rs;

(a) St. *Michael's.*

Concludes the downward Race of falling Years,
In conſtant Worſhip, and religious Tears;
Wiſely exchanging mercenary Gain,
To deal in *Pearls of Price*, and Heav'n obtain.

Here ſickly Souls, with broken Health repair
To taſte the wholſome Draughts of healing Air;
Till Life ſerenely fann'd with balmy Winds,
In Nature's Breath a kind Phyſician finds.

Around the Brow a Train of Buildings run,
Reliev'd with airy Gales and lively Sun,
Whoſe rip'ning Heat at Morn and Noon diſplays
The double Tribute of indulgent Rays:
That kindly warms the ſoft refreſhing Air,
To bleſs the beauteous Nymphs reſiding there.

But lo! a curious *Lodge* of graceful Form
Reddens in Bluſhes like the riſing Morn;
A ſeeming Palace, yet a Country Seat,
Fine without Pomp, without Profuſeneſs great.
The charming Place adjoining Gardens mend,
Whoſe ſloping Falls in eaſy Steps deſcend;

Here

Here bloſſoms Trees, and *Flora*'s painted Head,
The fragrant Scents of blooming Nature ſpread;
Whilſt verdant Turf, in moſſy Pieces lain,
Fine Walks extend, and form a beauteous Plain;
Whoſe Sides adorn'd with Rows of ſtandard Greens,
Preſerve eternal Spring in laſting Scenes.

Hail happy Seats, contriv'd with artful Skill,
You rule the Valley, and obey the Hill;
Above the vapid Steams of foggy Grounds,
Beneath the ſtormy Blaſts of higher Mounds;
Where *Royal-Fort*, like *Ilium*'s Tower, ſtands,
O'erlooks the Town, and downward Views commands.
Here antient Wars *(a)* a ſtrong Encampment drew,
Some hoſtile Marks the furrow'd Trenches ſhew;
Now ſofter Arts the warlike Model grace,
And *Venus* ſeems t' uſurp her Partner's Place:
Retired Seats, with Garden-beauties crown'd,
Alçoves and fruitful Walks adorn the Ground.

(a) Particularly the Civil War in K. *Charles* I's Time.

This Summit gain'd, a Range of Objects riſe,
And Nature's Landſkip fills the wand'ring Eyes;
Lo! Hills *(a)* aſpiring mount with lofty Heads,
And humble Meadows ſink in graſſy Beds:
O're Heights and Falls the Eye and Thought extend,
Go down with Valleys and with Hills aſcend:
The quick Exchange of ſuch unequal Views,
Freſh Scenes with great Variety renews.

If wilder Draughts, and ruder Proſpects pleaſe,
Behold! a cluſter'd Wood of buſhy Trees,
Whoſe hamper'd Boughs, an artleſs Stragling ſhow,
And like the ſavage Natives, ſhaggy grow.
A *Royal Title* (*b*) crowns this rugged Place,
But oh! how unlike Kings the preſent Race!
A tatter'd Brood of rough laborious Souls,
Who're earth'd like Worms, in ſubterraneous Holes.
Beneath the Bleſſing of the wholſome Air,
Thro' darkſome Caves a Miner's Labour bear,
And Magazines of Coals from th'Earth's Bowels tear.

(a) Particularly *Dunderry-Hill*, and a Tower thereon, which ſerves as a Land-Mark to Mariners many Leagues down the Channel.

(*b*) *King's-Wood.*

If

If horrid Sights the tender Eye offend,
The adverſe Plains the growing Proſpect mend.
As when *Æneas* left the dark Abode,
Eliſium's Fields a double Brightneſs ſhow'd.
Behold the *Farm*, where fair *Aurelia* pines
In mourning Weeds, yet thro' the Window ſhines.
So fine-drawn Clouds the ſhaded Moon conceal,
Yet Darts of Luſtre pierce the cloudy Veil.
A thouſand Charms the pleaſant *Villa* grace;
But more the lovely Princeſs of the Place:
Here Fancy feeds, here wearied Eyes relieve,
The Place is *Eden* and the Owner *Eve*.

Now leave the diſtant Views of diſtant Fields,
A nearer Circle City-Proſpect yields.
Here Pyramids of ſacred Temples grow,
And ſpiral Tops to Heav'nly Ruler ſhow;
Whoſe virtual Preſence fills the Domes below,
A comely Form the ſtately Buildings grace;
An inward Worſhip ſuits the outward Face:
A Worſhip fairly drawn from two Extremes;
The high *Papiſtick*, or *Genevan* Schemes;

Re-

Refin'd from both, in decent Order clean,
The *Engliſh* Method keeps the *Golden-Mean:*
So temp'rate Climes a due Proportion hold
Between the ſultry Heat, and freezing Cold.

Each lofty Pile an artful Emblem wears,
Whoſe Vane's obſequious to the ſhifting Airs,
In whiffling Turns, like crafty Stateſman's Mind,
High Stations hold, yet change with every Wind.

Within the Shell, diviner Forms appear;
'Tis all Religion, all Devotion there.
A ſolemn Neatneſs ſhines on ev'ry Side,
A Neatneſs un-adorn'd with *Romiſh* Pride.
Here grave Divines, by high Commiſſion ſent
To prove the Great *Creator's* Teſtament,
Sound Goſpel-Truths in ſerious Language preach,
And Chriſtian Leſſons, beſt of Learning, teach.
Favonio's Tongue a crouded Audience gains,
While *Pantheus* raiſes Zeal with ſacred Strains;
Scribonio's Soundneſs knotty Texts divides,
Whilſt *D——w——th*'s Senſe in moving Sweetneſs glides;

So

So forcible and clear the Rhetorick flows,
Like poliſh'd Steel, it Strength and Brightneſs ſhows.

Hail ſacred Tribes, proceed with prudent Zeal,
With *Gilead*'s Balm the fatal Breaches heal;
The harmleſs Dove, and cunning Serpent join,
And Chriſtian Hearts in friendly Joys combine.
As ſhining Lights by Doctrine, Life and Love,
Dark Clouds of Vice and Ignorance remove;
As faithful Subjects to the *Prince of Peace*,
From odious Terms of *new Diſtinctions* ceaſe;
The State of Conſcience, not of Empire ſearch,
But ſhine a prudent Prieſt of our own Church.
Yet hold ——'tis magiſterial bold Pretence,
To dictate Precepts to ſuperior Senſe.

My roving Eye, by filial Duty led,
Deſcries an ancient Pile, whoſe lofty Head
With Marks of old Magnificence, appears
Like comely Matrons in declining Years.

A worthy *Prelate* of diviner Grace,
Preſides as *Guardian Angel* of the Place:

In

In Reputation, Senſe, and Manners, clear,
To nothing, but enormous Vice, ſevere.
By ſtandard-Rules of Truth and Honour led,
He ſhines the Clergy's Pattern, Friend, and Head;
Whoſe well pois'd Cares in equal Ballance go
To ſerve the Throne above, and that below.

Above the Confines of this Prelate's Seat,
An old Cathedral venerably great,
From riſing Ground a bulky Building rears,
And Prints of Time in rugged Aſpect bears.
Injurious Time! thy keeneſt Rage employ,
And gnaw with Envy what you can't deſtroy;
Whilſt inward Worſhip ſhews a cleanly Face,
And true Devotion adds a ſecond Grace,
Omnipotent Eternity protects the Place.

Here double Organ, ſet with tuneful Keys,
Thro' ſpeaking Tubes melodious Anthems plays;
Whilſt Choiral Voices from harmonious Throats,
True Conſort make with correſponding Notes.
If airy Trebles elevate the Soul,
The mellow *Baſe* the riſing Joys controul.

In middle Vein the ſoothing *Tenor* runs,
And two Extremes, like Moderator, ſhuns.
Mean while the vaulted Canopy rebounds
The vocal Airs and inſtrumental Sounds;
A faint Reſemblance of the Saints above,
Whoſe Hallelujah's echo Peace and Love,

When publick Bleſſings publick Joys create,
Here *Magiſtracy* walks in ample State:
The ſolemn Train in pompous Order led,
By worthy *Council*, and by worthier Head,
To *God* and *King* religious Honours pay,
While Crouds of thronging People fill the Way.
Whole Bands of Artiſts antient Fin'ry ſhow,
And ſtreaming Flags in pageant Honours flow.
So *Senators* in proper Robes array'd,
Triumphal Joys at *Jove*'s high Temple paid,
When *Cæſar*'s Troops victorious Arms diſplay'd.

As next in Order, ſo in Goodneſs ſtands
The double Gift *(a)* of great *Euſebin*'s Hands.

(a) Mr. *Colſton*'s two Hoſpitals.

Each Fabrick ſhines, the pious Founder more,
Whoſe unexhauſted Funds of growing Store
Forward Devotion, and relieve the Poor.

Here Youth imbibe Religion's early Seeds,
Before the Ground-Work takes in vicious Weeds;
Here pious Age, with Life's declining Rays,
Secure a ſafe Retreat for latter Days.
So careful Gard'ners with unwearied Pain
Young Nurſ'ries plant, and bending Trees ſuſtain:
And whilſt to both they equal Care extend,
The Fruits of both the nurt'ring Hand commend;
The rich Effects admit this good Diſpute,
Which happieſt grows, the *Planter* or his *Fruit*.

If real modeſt Goodneſs wanted Praiſe,
The Man and Works might farther Fancies raiſe;
How Riches faſter than our Wiſhes flow
From God's diſpenſing Stewards here below;
How ſpreading Bounties, like the mighty Deep,
Diſtribute Streams, yet ſtill a Fulneſs keep;
How ſuch Foundations laid in zealous Love,
Builds up a more enduring Houſe above;

But

But fulſome Praiſe bedaubs a ſpotleſs Name,
A Bank of Merit is a Bank of Fame.
Let hundred Mouths the glorious Truth declare,
Whoſe Souls and Bodies taſte the Donor's Care.

Beneath the Hill, where this Foundation grows,
Frome's muddy Stream in troubled Water flows;
Where intervening Inlets of the Tide,
A lengthen'd Key, and riſing Bank divide.

Here active Scenes of naval Labour reign,
And wooden Cradles infant Ships ſuſtain.
Imperfect ſome by gradual Working grow,
Some finiſh'd Hulls in large Proportion ſhow;
O'er ſlippery Frames ſome Maiden Veſſels ply,
In launching ſweeps, and *Neptune*'s Favour try;
Pledges entruſted to the boundleſs Deep,
(Ye Winds and Waves the Darling's Pledges keep)
Wide Ocean's Boſom is a Gulph of Woe,
Where frightful Scenes in ghaſtly Figures grow:
Yet how the *floating Iſlands* fearleſs go!
Till Age, Misfortune, *Gallick* Fraud or Force,
Diſſolve the Frame, or interrupt the Courſe.

So human Bodies ſev'ral Stages have,
From the Babe's Cradle, to the old Man's Grave.
Here uſeful Docks to nice Perfection brought,
With wooden Ribs, and coſtly Engines wrought.
An inland Port in hollow'd Boſoms keep,
Where new and ſhatter'd Gallies ſafely ſleep,
Till Time or Tide remand them to the Deep.

Here Sons of *Vulcan*, ſmear'd with pallid Sweat,
Alternate Blows in tuneful Smitings beat;
Redoubled Sounds the clatt'ring Bars repeat.

A buſier Stage employs the noiſy *Key*,
Great Bales of Wealth the World's Increaſe diſplay;
What different Climes, or diſtant Lands produce,
Virginia's Weed, or *Spain*'s enriching Juice;
(Two conſtant Friends for chearful Uſe deſign'd,)
Here Side by Side in ſocial Order join'd;
Each Tribute lays at Sovereign GEORGE's Feet,
Then mix in Mirth, and Tipplers Joys compleat:
For moiſt'ning Draughts and parching ſmoaky Leaf,
Provide and give a mutual kind Relief.

Here Ships, eſcap'd from Ocean's dreadful Flood,
Find ſoft Repoſe in oozy Beds of Mud;
But when th' alternate Motions of the Tide,
In upward Surge, or downward Ebbings glide,
In pompous Bulk the lofty Veſſels ride.
Here lay the *Rangers of the Southern Seas*, (a)
That bore a *Jaſon*, and return'd a Fleece,
A Fleece, adorn'd like Sacrifice of old,
With ornamental Silks, and coſtly Gold.

Here *Norway* Maſts to native Tempeſts bred,
Withſtand the Wind, and rear a taper Head;
While *Zephyrs* fill the broad and ſpreading Sails,
And whiffling Streamers play in wanton Gales;
In twiſted Ropes the upper Tackling runs,
In lower forms a level Range of Guns;
Stand faithful Guardians to the hidden Store,
When daring Foes provoke the dreadful Roar.
The whole Machine contriv'd with niceſt Art,
Diſplays a noble Form in every Part.
So Links of Fibres join'd in human Plan,
Support the whole Compound of Lordly Man.

(a) Duke and Dutcheſs Privateers.

Here

Here foreign Traders Goods and Wares embark;
A truſty Captain guides the modern Ark;
Which like the Pattern of the floating Frame,
Contains a Race of Creatures much the ſame;
In Manners plain, in Looks and Language, coarſe,
And like the Speaking Trumpet, always hoarſe;
A merry Crew of honeſt thoughtleſs Souls,
Who bury worldly Cares in chearful Bowls;
For *Mars* or *Venus* equally deſign'd,
At different Ports to different Nymphs inclin'd,
The Rovers change their Fancies with the Wind.
Yet uſeful Limbs of State: The hardy Train
Support the Fleet, and get the Merchants Gain.

A neighb'ring Fabrick *(a)* of peculiar Frame,
That bears the *Proto-Martyr*'s Sacred Name,
Whoſe Top, like *Cybel*'s Crown, in Turrets grows,
And Strokes of Art at every Turret ſhows;
For holy Service built, with high Diſdain
Surveys this lower Stage of earthly Gain.

Could Criticks Wit or Writers Rules excuſe
The forward Sallies of my willing Muſe;

(a) St. Stephen's Tower.

I'd

I'd traverſe gladly the *Parochial* Round,
And point in brighteſt Lines the wealthy Ground;
I'd ſing the trading Merchants ſpacious Seat,
The grand Parade of *Sheriffs* annual Treat.
Where Nature, Art, and Delicacy join
To make a ſumptuous Feaſt in Dainties ſhine:
The fatted Capon, and the luſcious Fiſh
Regales the curious Goût with lovely Diſh;
Bright ſparkling Wine with frothy Purple crown'd,
Performs the Royal Healths in circling round;
I'd praiſe the ſnug Retreat, where Bounties keep
Th' impoveriſh'd Relicks of the angry Deep,
'Till hoary Heads, releas'd from Winds and Waves,
Go down with Pleaſure to the earthly Graves.
In ſuch Encomiums ſhould my Muſes talk,
But caſt an angry Look on *Roper's Walk*;
Where Things, like Crabs, in awkward Motions go,
And retrogade the twirling Cordage throw;
A needful Branch of Trade: but ſeated there
Hampers the Purlieus of the Noble *Square*.
I'd bid a dirty Street, (where jovial Tars
Revel in Rudeneſs and domeſtick Jars,
Where haſty Love and compound Liquors flow,)
Cleaner in Morals and Behaviour grow.

But,

But, Muſe, from Satyr's poiſon'd Darts forbear;
The ſoothing Panegyrick Stile prepare.
I humble Subjects leave, by higher led
To view the City's Trade at *Fountain-Head*, (a)
Where working Brains from divers Quarters meet,
And wealthy Commerce drive with eager Heat:
As burning Glaſſes ſcatter'd Rays unite
In central Point, then raiſe a kindling Light.
Thro' diſtant Worlds in longeſt Compaſs run,
From Pole to Pole, from *Eaſt* to *Weſtern* Sun;
The whole Extent, where trading Action reigns,
This buſy Spot, as in a Map, contains.

Some unconcern'd in idle Motions ſtalk,
Mere Expletives, to fill the crowded Walk,
Whilſt buzzing Tongues in Traffick-language talk:
Some drop a ſecret Hint of *Privateer*,
And whiſper *Algerines* in Partners Ear;
(An hateful Monſter dreaded more by far
Than ſavage *Mohock*, or a blazing Star.)
No ſailing Gally cuts the watry Main,
But here ſails ſwiftly in the Owner's Brain.

(a) *Exchange.*

Whoſe

Whoſe Hopes and Fears, like Bluſhes, come and go,
At ev'ry Tide the Paſſions ebb and flow.
Hope wings the Sails, and coming Ships foreſtalls;
Fear clips the Thought, and riſing Pleaſure palls;
Thus Traders Hearts like Bank-Stocks mounts and falls.
Here low'ring Pouts, or chearful Aſpects reign,
As Fortune frowns in Loſs, or ſmiles in Gain:
So Weather-Glaſſes either ſink or riſe,
As fair or cloudy Weather rules the Skies.

The open Stage *Corinthian* Standards grace;
But a much richer Metal ſways this Place.
From Trade to Gain by natural Inſtinct tends,
As *Magick Rod* to hidden Treaſure bends.

Now view a neighb'ring Houſe, where Men may [ſee
The World's Tranſactions in *Epitome:*
Here wiſe Remarkers on the Church and State,
O'er Bowls of Punch and ſmoaky Whiffs debate,
Diſpoſe of States and Kingdoms, not their Own,
And ſet either *G****** or *C******* on *England*'s Throne.
Here *Grubſtreet* Authors in Confuſion lie,
And kindling Stuff for Party Heats ſupply.

Pernicious Scribblers! how your Works enflame
Britannia's happy Church and civil Frame!
Like fam'd *Spectator*'s Style, in Smoothneſs run,
Mix Wit with Senſe, and factious Conteſts ſhun.

But lo! a humble Cell in Nook behind,
A *Siſter-Office (a)* of the Paper kind,
Where Men, like *Lapland* Traders for a Wind,
Bargain for Safety, and provide a Cure
For Fortune's Blow, and floating Chance enſure.
Ingenious Play to ſave an after-Game,
And baffle all the Tricks of *fickle Dame.*
Theſe two Retreats, Trade's uſeful Hand-Maids prove,
As under-ſprings the greater Engines move.
Two nobler Structures of more ample Size,
On either Side the noble *'Change* does riſe;
The *Seat of Juſtice (b)* in majeſtick State,
A weighty Pile in plaineſt Beauty great;
Without ſuch curious Flouriſhes of Art,
As *London 'Change* or *Manſion-Houſe* impart;
For Uſe and Ages built, the laſting Court
In ſolid Greatneſs keeps an awful Port.
So Epick Poems built on true *Sublime*
Diſdaining little Turns in Grandeur climb.

(a) The *Aſſurance Office.* *(b) Council-Houſe.*

Here

Here Magiſtrates in civil Order meet,
And weekly Cares in legal Forms repeat,
Diſpenſing Juſtice from the Bench of Law
To ſave the Injur'd, but the Vicious awe.

The adverſe Frame unpoliſh'd Greatneſs ſhow
A noble Church which does majeſtick grow;
Since nimble Frauds have ceas'd, the Dome's compleat,
And ſhines in Beauty, and in Rival great.

Oh happy Stage between! whoſe grand Reſort
Lies 'twixt a Temple and a Judgment Court;
No wonder Merchants Dealings are ſo true,
Since Juſtice and Devotion are in View.
The gilded Kings enthron'd in Chairs of State,
An awful Love for Monarchy create;
The ſcepter'd Sign, whoſe glitt'ring Figure ſtands
In lively Form, with ſeeming Awe commands:
Four ſubject Streets, that hence divided run
From *North* to *South*, from *Eaſt* to ſetting Sun.

Here *Cornu-copia*, from her rural Stores,
In various Shapes luxuriant Plenty pours;
Bright *Cereal* Grain, or ſweet *Pomona*'s Fruit,
Or Herbage cloath'd in Nature's lovely Suit:

Or tender Fatlings from the Herd or Flocks,
The City's Wants with Life's Refreſhment ſtocks;
With Thouſand Dainties of delicious Meat,
Which *Catius (a)* better knows than Verſe repeat;
The plenteous Marts ſuch vaſt Profuſion ſhew,
As if tranſplanted Fields in Cities grew.
The Southward Range *(b)* in ſhelving Breadth de-[ſcends,
A Church with portal Arch the Proſpect ends!
A Judgment-Hall *(c)* commands the middle Space,
A King in outward Nich adorns the Place.
Here legal Magiſtrates in Trains reſort,
And humming Noiſes fill the buſy Court.
Here learned Students of the knotty Law
Sharp poignant Tongues for verbal Combat draw;
In florid Talk a Mock-Engagement fight,
Yet love like Brothers, and in Fees unite.
So Gladiators ſeeming Wars maintain,
And mutual Blows exchange for mutual Gain.

The Street above *(d)* in long extended Lines
More to the *Eaſtward* than the *North* inclines;
Till an old *Fabrick* (*e*) terminates the View,
Where mournful Debtors weep in piteous Hue.

(a) A noted Epicure in *Horace*. *(b) Broadſtreet.*
(c) Guild-Hall. *(d) Wine-Street.* *(e) Newgate.*

Here

Here rude Invaders of the ſacred Law,
To Sin and Fetters chain'd, in Dungeons draw
Unwholſome Air, or favour'd to their Shame
Thro' a cloſe Lattice Poverty proclaim.
A gloomy Haunt of Beggary and Lice,
A medley Scene of Penitence and Vice:
Some Reprobates in helliſh Language ſwear,
And Loads of Sin on harden'd Conſcience bear:
Relenting ſome in doleful Accents groan,
And Follies paſt in heavy Notes bemoan:
Horror, Diſtraction, and amazing Woe
Precede the Tryal, and as *Lictors*, go:
With hovering Wings the Dread of future Fates
Broods on the Conſcience, and an Hell creates;
Condemning-Thoughts in legal Judges Room
Foreboding Death, anticipate the Doom;
Till trembling Wretches, ſhock'd with guilty Fear,
From awful Bench a real Sentence hear:
Then follow Darkneſs and corroſive Chains,
The Scripture Emblems of eternal Pains.
But Gracious God, the fearful Lot relieve,
And Thieves once more in *Paradiſe* receive.

The

The *Northern* Branch (*a*) in ſloping Shoots declines,
Bedeck'd with gaudy Shops on both its Lines;
For whether Piles of Plate refin'd with Art
Refulgent Rays thro' glaſſy Barriers dart,
Or Flower'd *Damaſk*, or the Silk *Brocade*,
With Golden Sprigs and Silver Fibres laid,
Raviſh the Fancy of a Bridal Maid;
Or whether *Padu'ſoys* of Foreign Make,
With gloſſy Jet the graver Matrons take,
Here the whole Wardrobe of the Female Dreſs,
In wealthy Folds a ſtanding Camp poſſeſs.
Below this gorgeous Supplement of Pride,
An high-arch'd Bridge commands *Avona*'s Tide,
Whoſe ruffled Current runs in frothy Waves,
And with Partition Streams two *Counties* (*b*) laves.
On the *Rialto* hanging Buildings cling,
As *Babylonian* Gardens ſeem'd to ſwing.

Beyond the Bridge a ſecond City grows,
And thouſand Scenes of Wealth and Beauty ſhows.
There lies the ſpacious Street, (*c*) where *London* Wares
Diſplay the taudry Pageantry of Fairs;
Obſerve the flippant Sparks in Smartneſs nurs'd,
With *Fleet-ſtreet* Style and *Ludgate* Language vers'd,

(*a*) *High-Street.* (*b*) *Gloceſterſhire* and *Somerſetſhire.*
(*c*) *Temple-Street.*

O'er

O'er gloſſy Silks in gloſſy Words explain,
And like the *Tongue-pad Lawyers*, talk for Gain.
As here the ſhowy Toys the Eye delight,
Next Nature's Pride preſents a finer Sight.
Lo! *Sylvia*'s happy Spot in verdant Dreſs
Trees model'd Forms, and flow'ry Sweets expreſs.
Methinks I ſmell the *Jeſſamine* and *Roſe*
A fragrant Scent in rich Perfume diſcloſe;
The *Orange* Tree indulg'd with warmeſt Rays,
High flavour'd Scents, and Golden Fruit diſplays:
The ſweet Collections rang'd in fineſt Mould,
In various Figures cut, Proportion hold:
For pruning Art redundant Plenty crops,
And ſhapes the ſpiral Yews in *Conick* Tops,
Whilſt Silver *Hollies* wider Compaſs ſpread,
And guard with native Spears a rounder Head.
Delicious Storehouſe to amuſe the Eye!
Much Furniture in one Plantation lye;
So wiſe Hiſtorians tell, that antient *Rome*
Preſerv'd a Race of Heroes all in Bloom;
From few, the State in Strength and Numbers grew
To conquer Kingdoms, and their Foes ſubdue;
Whoſe thriving Vertues ſpread the Planters Fame,
And conquer'd Worlds adorn'd with *Roman* Name:

So ſpreading Branches flouriſh from one Tree,
A thouſand other Gardens ſpring from thee.

A neighb'ring Temple *(a)* of Cathedral Size,
Whoſe Tops in bulky Majeſty does riſe,
Deriving Name and Strength from redden'd Cliffs,
In tow'ring Pride a lofty Tower lifts;
Where Eight harmonious Muſick-Engines hang,
That ſtrike ſoniferous Peals in tuneful Clang;
Attractive Pulls in quick Vibrations fling
Revolving Bells, and nimble Changes ring:
Reſiſting Rocks, and trembling Blaſts of Air
Repeat the Sounds, and double Echoes bear,
Proclaiming Nuptial Joys, or *Marlborough*'s Fame,
When *Marlborough* ſtood, a great, unſully'd Name.
The Hero fell; but ye melodious Train,
Prepare your ſweeteſt Notes in loudeſt Strain,
To ſound the Triumphs of the laſt Campaign.
The noble DUKE of *Cumberland* led the Van,
And big with Conqueſt form'd a glorious Plan:
His Martial Soul with Emulation glows
To merit *Britain*'s Praiſe with warlike Blows;
Advance, great Leader, in the Tract of Fame,
And prove as Great as thy illuſtrious Name.

(a) St. *Mary Ratcliffe* Church.

I'd

I'd freely brighten thy diſtinguiſh'd Praiſe,
And to heroick Merit Trophies raiſe:
But true Connection Rules reſume the Clue,
And bid a Writer's Pen his Scheme purſue.

Hark! when the heavy *Tenor*'s ſullen Sound
Calls Mortal Man to earthly Parent Ground;
The noiſy Cymbal caſts a dreadful Roar
Along the buſy Bank of th' adverſe Shore. *(a)*
Where ſhriller Sounds from vocal Clappers fly,
And cackling Dames with feather'd *Cacklers* try.
For here the *Wallian* Fleets, like *Noah*'s Ark,
With Couplets ſtuff'd, a Medley-Stock debark;
O'er which the chatt'ring Tribe in dapper Dreſs,
Quick broken Tones in gutt'ral Words expreſs.

Politer *Ladies* grace a neighb'ring *Green (b)*
In Language, Building, Dreſs, and Manners, clean:
Here Fabricks rang'd a large Quadrangle ſtretch,
And model'd Walks a lengthen'd Compaſs-fetch:
Whoſe handſome *Lymes* in treble Order run,
To ſcreen the walking *Beauties* from the Sun.
And now the Plants their ſhady Coverts ſpread;
And the green Verdure ſhoots its leafy Head,

(a) St. Nicholas-Back. *(b) Queen's Square.*

Nature's *Umbrello*'s does confus'dly meet,
And Summer Breezes fan the cool Retreat.

Two ſignal Domes this handſome *Square* does grace,
And with ſuperior Beauty awe the Place.
As optick Orbs in Man's Contexture roll,
Shine in Perfection, and direct the Whole;
In fineſt Membranes wrought, each Maſter-light
Contains a Wonder, and improves the Sight.
Grandeur and Neatneſs thro' the Building *(a)* ſhine,
Where *Fiſco* reckons tributary Coin.
Here Empreſs Gold a wealthy Office keeps,
Within whoſe Ward the treaſur'd Tribute ſleeps,
A Tribute paid to GEORGE's Imperial Sway,
Collecting all its Riches from the Sea.
So golden Sands, which foaming Billows throw
In gather'd Heaps, a glittering Beauty ſhow.

Hence greateſt Treaſures careful *Probo* drains
To fill the Fountain-Head where *Harley* reigns:
Not ſurer venal Pipes of Human Blood
Remit to Seats of Life the purple Flood;
Not *Severn*'s Streams more faithful Homage pays
To the vaſt Treaſures of the ſov'reign Seas.

(a) Cuſtom-Houſe.

Here

Here Crowds of active Souls with Eagles Eyes,
Trade's rich Returns with ſharp Attention ſpies;
And Curlew-like, o'er Creeks and Shoars ſurvey,
And watch the Motions of a floating Prey.
An uſeful Set, well arm'd with Juſtice Claws
Do guard the Fences of the Royal Laws.

The *Corner Building* of the Northern Line
With guarded Front and clean Apartments fine,
Itſelf a Town, in neat Compendium plac'd
With ſaſhy Lights, and fluted Pillars grac'd;
The grand *Prætorian* Dignity ſupport,
It looks not like a Houſe, but as a Court.

What can't Inventreſs Art and Labour do?
This handſome Square from Heaps of Rubbiſh grew;
And tho' paſt Years the marſhy Bottom ſaw
Thick drizzling Fogs from ſteaming Nature draw,
No vap'riſh Humours left but only thoſe
Which Ladies ſickly Fancies diſcompoſe:
Where Level-Walks delightful Lanes diſplay,
There wat'ry Mud in deep Confuſion lay.
So when *Apelles* drew his Maſter-Frame,
From jumbled Paint the pretty *Venus* came.

So *Holland*'s Province built on boggy Lands,
Conſummate Neatneſs, and a Beauty ſtands:
Thus (ſince the Objects Similies provoke)
The whole Creation from a *Chaos* broke.
Behind the Buildings new Plantations grow
To edge the Borders of the *Stream below*, (a)
Whoſe natural Flood improv'd with Ocean's Tides,
In conſtant Flux reciprocally glides.
Here ſlipp'ry Keels of dancing Wherries ply
With Canvaſs Wings; and down the Current fly:
Some humble *Craft* in milder Eddies creep,
Whoſe angling Boats a ſilent Station keep,
And like the firſt Diſciples, ſearch the Deep.
Some ſtem the Tide with ſtrong impetuous Puſh,
And nimbly round the frothy Surface bruſh;
And as the ſliding Veſſels ſweep the Stream,
Retreating Shores in ſwimming Motion ſeem.

Here *Clifton*'s healthful Hills divert the Eye,
Whoſe wondrous Slopes in leaning Poſtures lye;
There the Glaſs-forges, Pyramids diſplay,
Built like the Tombs where *Egypt*'s Princes lay;
In gradual Shapes the round *Veſuvio*'s grow,
The more in Height, the leſs in Compaſs ſhow;

(a) The River *Avon*.

Whoſe

Whoſe conſtant *veſtal* Flame thro' Funnels breaths
Thick dark'ning Clouds in curling ſmoaky Wreaths,
Whoſe ſooty Stench the Earth and Air annoys,
And Nature's blooming Verdure half deſtroys.

Ye eaſtern Gales, that ſweep the airy Space,
Such noiſome Guſts to diſtant Regions chace;
Leſt ſmoth'ring Clouds defile the purer Air,
And *Clifton* choak the ſick Man's *Montpelier*.

A *Salamandrine* Race in Cells below,
Tranſparent Forms in fluid Metal blow;
So *Ætna*'s Shop, where ſturdy *Cyclops* beat
Jove's flaming Darts, themſelves in equal Heat,
Thro' porous Vents a ſmoaky Sulphur yields,
That blaſts the Fruit of fair *Sycilia*'s Fields.

Along the winding Banks the Tract purſue,
Rough Nature's Works ſurpriſing Objects ſhew.
Lo! craggy *Rocks (a)* affright the climbing Eye,
And like *Olympus's* Height, invade the Sky.
The rugged Piece of Nature's *Groteſque* grows,
And like the Ruins of a Building ſhows:
Here interſpers'd in cluſter'd Brightneſs lie
Like Conſtellations ſtudded in the Sky,

(a) St. Vincent's.

Some

Some glitt'ring Stones, which careful Nature locks
Within the Cabinets of the ſtrongeſt Rocks,
Whoſe brilliant Sparks, when Lapidaries fine,
With eaſtern Pearls in ſecond Beauty ſhine.

The ſever'd Cliffs diſcharge two diff'rent Streams
This chills with Cold, *that* reeks with hotteſt Steams,
The cold *Caſcade* ſteep flaſhy Guſhes throw,
Not purer Draughts in *Heber*'s Channel flow.
Hence *Paralytick* Limbs Compoſure drew,
Hence Nerves convuls'd in ſteddy Order grew;
An Engine now employs the Streams of Health,
For Engines work the fam'd *Elixir*, Wealth.

The adverſe Spring *(a)* thro' rocky Veins diſtils
A lukewarm Stream in fine balſamick Rills;
Whatever Fund the healthful Juice ſupplies,
The Source, like *Nile*'s, at hidden Fountain lies:
The ſov'reign Virtues of the healing Flood
Check the Salt Humours of ſcorbutick Blood;
If *Leaky Veſſels* running to decay
In diuretick Sweetneſs waſt away,
The Grievance ſtopp'd by due Retention, feels
How Water here a wat'ry Humour heals.

(a) The *Hot Wells*.

The Flood below with interpoſing Streams,
Betwixt the Baths and ſtony Mountains ſwims,
Receives the Waſt of both, and tempers both Ex-
[tremes.
Then down the Current runs a bending Courſe
Steering its Motions with an eaſy Force,
Till *She* and *Severn* in Confuſion meet,
And Siſter-ſtreams in ruffled Kiſſes greet;
Thence both transfus'd in *Kingroad*'s Waves agree,
And jointly form a ſpacious Range of Sea.

Here outward Fleets, which Captain *Paulo* guides,
Expect the eaſtern Winds and helping Tides.
Here the ſwift Sailors of the trading Seas,
Import in quick Returns the World's Encreaſe,
Florentia's Wines, and *Sherry*'s flavour'd *Muſt*,
Jamaica's Rum, and *Guinea*'s Golden Duſt.
And may the nimble Carriers plow the Main
With great Succeſs, and wealthy Commerce gain,
As long as Winds and Waves in liquid King

May all true Bleſſings on OLD ENGLAND ſmile,
May her Foes Deſigns on themſelves recoil,
And may ſhe ever prove a happy Iſle.

Two Iſland Rocks of diff'rent Form below,
In wildeſt Dreſs a frightful Grandeur ſhow;
Hence *Neptune*'s Tides a wid'ning Scope diffuſe,
And ſpread a copious Theme for roving Muſe:
But *Briſtol*'s Water-mark no farther tends;
What bounds the *Praetor*'s Sway, the Poem ends.

F I N I S.